My feares forgetting manners to vnfold
Their graund commiſſion; where I found *Horatio*
A royall knauery, an exact command
Larded with many ſeuerall ſorts of reaſons,
Importing Denmarkes health, and Englands to,
With hoe ſuch bugges and goblins in my life,
That on the ſuperuiſe no leaſure bated,
No not to ſtay the grinding of the Axe,
My head ſhould be ſtrooke off.

Hora. I'ſt poſſible?

Ham. Heeres the commiſſion, read it at more leaſure,
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.

Hora. I beſeech you.

Ham. Being thus be-netted round with villaines,
Or I could make a prologue to my braines,
They had begunne the play, I ſat me downe,
Deuiſd a new commiſſion, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our ſtatiſts doe
A baſeneſſe to write faire, and labourd much
How to forget that learning, but ſir now
It did me yemans ſeruice, wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote?

Hora. I good my Lord.

Ham. An earneſt coniuration from the King,
As England was his faithfull tributary,
As loue betweene them like the palme might floriſh,
As peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland weare
And ſtand a *Comma* tweene their amities,
And many ſuch like, as ſir of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of theſe contents,
Without debatement further more or leſſe,
He ſhould thoſe bearers put to ſuddaine death,
Not ſhriuing time alow'd.

Hora. How was this ſeald?

Ham. Why euen in that was heauen ordinant,
I had my fathers ſignet in my purſe
Which was the model of that Daniſh ſeale,
Folded the writ vp in the forme of th'other,
Subſcrib'd it, gau't th'impreſſion, plac'd it ſafely,

The

The changling neuer knowne: now t
Was our Sea-fight, and what to this
Thou knowe'ſt already.

Hora. So *Guyldenſterne* and *Roſen*

Ham. They are not neere my conſ
Dooes by their owne inſinuation gro
Tis dangerous when the baſer nature
Betweene the paſſe and fell incenced
Oſmighty oppoſits.

Hora. Why what a King is this!

Ham. Dooes it not thinke thee ſta
Hee that hath kild my King, and who
Pop't in betweene the election and m
Throwne out his Angle for my prope
Aud with ſuch coſnage, i'ſt not perfec

Enter a C

Cour. Your Lordſhippe is right w

Ham. I humbly thanke you ſir.
Doo'ſt know this water-fly?

Hora. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy ſtate is the more gratio
He hath much land and fertill: let a
crib ſhall ſtand at the Kings meſſe, tis
ous in the poſſeſsion of durt.

Cour. Sweet Lord, if your Lordſ
impart a thing to you from his Maieſ

Ham. I will receiue it ſir with all d
to his right vſe, tis for the head.

Cour. I thanke your Lordſhip, it i

Ham. No beleeue me, tis very col

Cour. It is indifferent cold my Lo

Ham. But yet me thinkes it is ver
plexion.

Cour. Exceedingly my Lord, it is
tell how: my Lord his Maieſty bad me
a great wager on your head, ſir this is

Ham. I beſeech you remember.

Cou. Nay good my Lord for my ea
come to court *Laertes*, beleeue me a

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